

"You Ain't Got Time" lyrics

## KRS-One Lyrics

### "You Ain't Got Time"

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

Politics is a pile of tricks  
Eight years, what do we get out of it?  
More chatter, more gun splatter  
More dumb rappers, and dumb athletes and actors  
My name's revolution, open your eyes  
I'm not on TV, cuz the revolution will not be televised  
They telling lies, we better rise and get a plan  
The US President? He's endorsed by the clan  
Damn  
You don't understand what's going on?  
Slavery coming back and most of y'all just gonna go along  
Not me, they ain't veiling me  
You can see, I ain't vote for the president or Hillary  
America tryin' to put the fear in ya  
They the reason for the fake war there in Syria  
So when I grab the mic, I spit a full-clip  
Wake up, you ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)  
To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

This what the boom bap sound do  
Since way back in the Bronx, I had a sound view  
If you hearin' this, the truth, it just found you  
I'm in his town, her town, your town too  
Man, I stay ahead like a crown do  
Look around you  
Knowledge reigns supreme, this is what it comes down to  
People talkin', but ain't doin' nothin'  
KRS ain't about frontin', let me tell you somethin'  
We need unity at all cost, or everything is all lost  
These lessons are hard, that tweeter shit is so soft  
Brothers killing brothers killing brothers with the sawed off  
No remorse, brothers are hauled off up north  
We off course, believe in the hype  
Honesty, we ignore; but that deceiving, we like  
These rappers are corny, but you like "He aight"  
You lyin' from the pulpit  
You ain't got time for this bullshit

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

To have once been a criminal, there's no disgrace (that's right)  
To remain a criminal, is the disgrace (that's right)

I formerly was a criminal. I formerly was imprisoned, I'm not ashamed of that  
You never can use that over my head. And—that—He's usin' the wrong stick, I don't feel that stick

Thanks to Steve for adding these lyrics.

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